VIDEO
JACK 5
$1.25
$1.75 CAN
JULY 1988
EPIC COMICS
VIDEO
JACK
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A TOKER THE KID SCAN

EPIC COMICS

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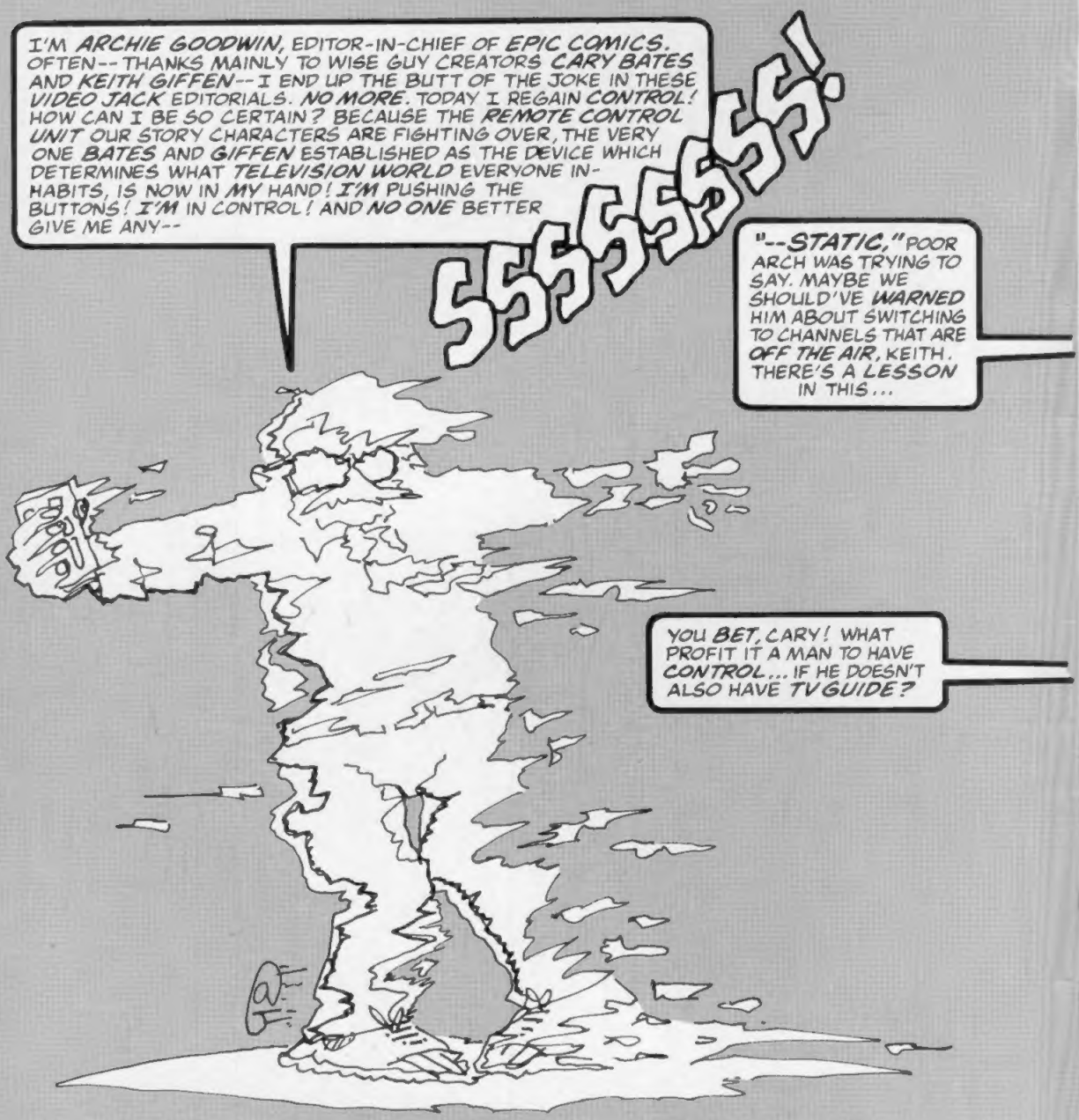

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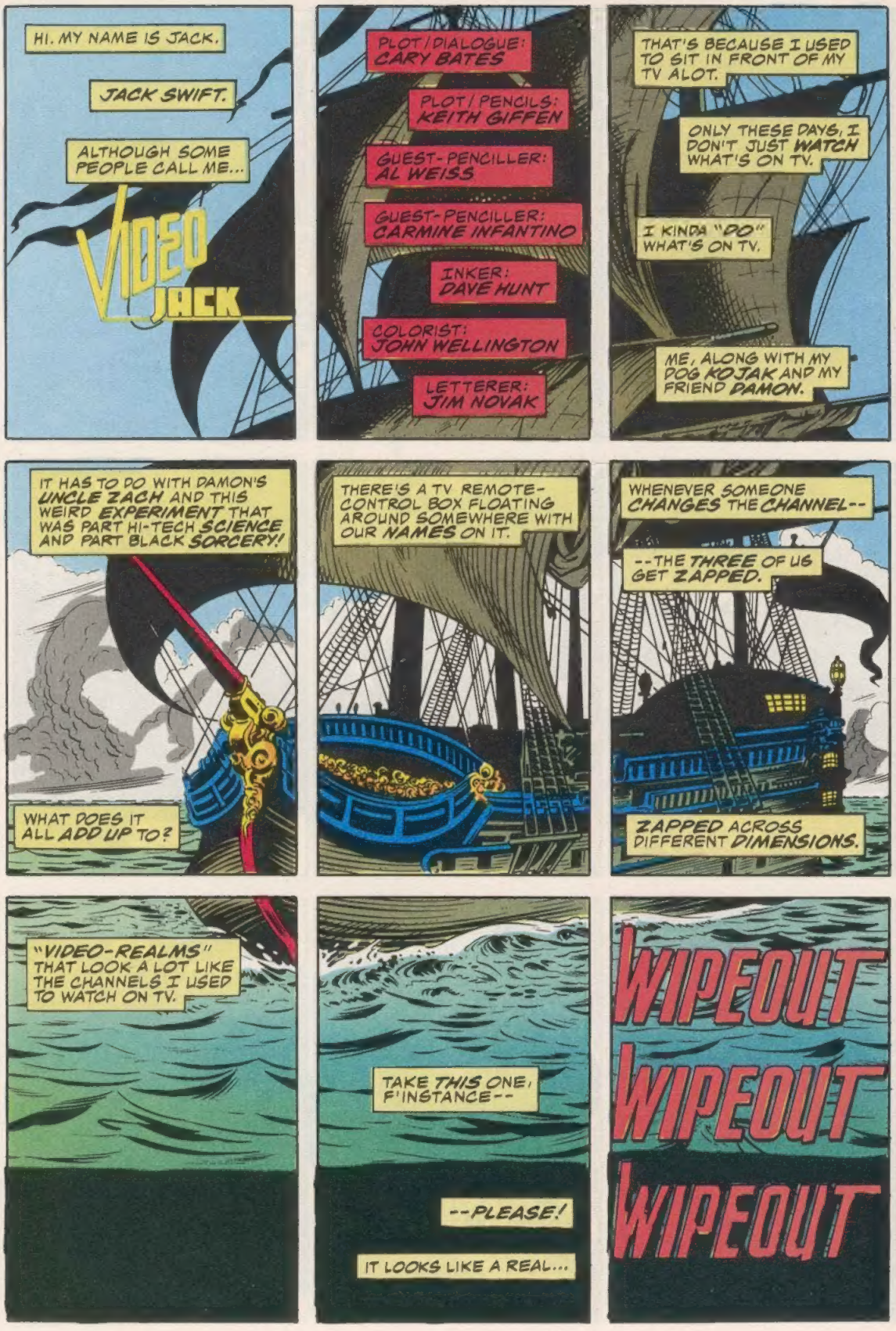

HI. MY NAME IS JACK.
JACK SWIFT.
ALTHOUGH SOME PEOPLE CALL ME...
VIDEO JACK
PLOT/DIALOGUE: CARY BATES
PLOT/PENCILS: KEITH GIFFEN
GUEST-PENCILLER: AL WEISS
GUEST-PENCILLER: CARMINE INFANTINO
INKER: DAVE HUNT
COLORIST: JOHN WELLINGTON
LETTERER: JIM NOVAK
THAT'S BECAUSE I USED TO SIT IN FRONT OF MY TV ALOT.
ONLY THESE DAYS, I DON'T JUST WATCH WHAT'S ON TV.
I KINDA "DO" WHAT'S ON TV.
ME, ALONG WITH MY DOG KOJAK AND MY FRIEND DAMON.
IT HAS TO DO WITH DAMON'S UNCLE ZACH AND THIS WEIRD EXPERIMENT THAT WAS PART HI-TECH SCIENCE AND PART BLACK SORCERY!
WHAT DOES IT ALL ADD UP TO?
THERE'S A TV REMOTE-CONTROL BOX FLOATING AROUND SOMEWHERE WITH OUR NAMES ON IT.
WHENEVER SOMEONE CHANGES THE CHANNEL--
--THE THREE OF US GET ZAPPED.
ZAPPED ACROSS DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS.
"VIDEO-REALMS" THAT LOOK A LOT LIKE THE CHANNELS I USED TO WATCH ON TV.
TAKE THIS ONE, F'INSTANCE--
--PLEASE!
IT LOOKS LIKE A REAL...
WIPEOUT
WIPEOUT
WIPEOUT

SPLASHHH

FROM THE LOOKS OF THAT SHIP UP THERE, WE'VE BEEN ZAPPED INTO ONE OF THOSE OLD PIRATE MOVIES.

YOU KNOW... THE KIND THEY ALWAYS RUN AT TWO IN THE MORNING ON THE LATE LATE SHOW.
THING IS, I WAS NEVER MUCH INTO OLD PIRATE MOVIES MYSELF.

I THINK I'M IN DEEP SSS—

SPLASH
YOU HEAR THEM CHAINS A-JANGLIN', LAD?

THEM'S YOURS!
-GLUB- WELL, AT LEAST I DIDN'T DROWN.

BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE I'VE EXACTLY BEEN RESCUED, EITHER.
MORE LIKE KIDNAPPED!
UH... I'M MUCH OBLIGED TO BE ABOARD, SIR.
DID YOUR PEOPLE HAPPEN TO FISH A BLONDE GUY AND A FUZZY DOG OUT OF THE WATER TOO?
THE SCAMP'S GOT A MOUTH ON HIM, HE HAS.
AYE. THE CAP'N TOLD US AS MUCH.
HE SAID JACK SWIFT COULD OUT-TALK LONG JOHN SILVER'S OWN PARROT!
YOU'D THINK HIM BEIN' JUST A HALF-PLANK AWAY FROM TORTURE AND DEATH WOULDA CUT THAT QUICK TONGUE DOWN TO SIZE BY NOW.
?!? TORTURE AND DEATH?
I DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOING TO LIKE IT HERE.
NOW I'M POSITIVE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY THE CAPTAIN IN CHARGE OF THESE HALF-TWITS COULD ALREADY KNOW MY NAME IS JACK SWIFT.
AND IT'S BAD NEWS. REAL BAD NEWS.
FORGET ABOUT THE BLONDE GUY.
JUST GIVE ME MY DOG AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY.
WOT SAY WE TEACH THE LUBBER TO SHOW PROPER RESPECT FOR THEM THAT'S CAPTURED HIM?
AVAST, MORGAN.
PUT IT AWAY!
THE CAP'N WANTS THE PRISONER HAULED UP ON DECK.
AYE, TOM! RIGHT AFTER I LAY IRON ACROSS THE LAD'S--
NOW!
IS THAT TIMING OR WHAT?

IS THAT ANY WAY TO PAY YOUR PROPER RESPECTS TO YOUR CAPTAIN, BOY?
OOFFF!
AS USUAL MY WORST FEARS WERE RIGHT ON TARGET!
THE BLONDE HAIR IS A DEAD GIVEAWAY!
DAMN HIM!
XARNETT HAS DONE IT TO ME AGAIN!
WELCOME ABOARD THE MEAN STREAK, MATE!
CUTE, DAMON.
I SEE YOU WASTED NO TIME GETTING BACK INTO YOUR BAD-ASS MODE!
BY THUNDER, THIS LUBBER HAS A STRANGE TONGUE!
CUT IT OUT FOR YOU, CAP'N?
WHAT SAY YOU, JACKSON? TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THE REMOTE-CONTROL-- AND MAYBE I'LL LET YOU KEEP YOUR TONGUE!
BLOW IT OUT YOUR BUNT-HOLE, DAMON!
SO YOU'RE A MUTINEER, EH?
I FIGURED AS MUCH.
TAKE A LOOK BEHIND YOU.
KOJAK!
AYE!
I ORDERED MY LADS TO FISH YOUR MANGEY MUTT OUT OF THE WATER!
DARN DECENT OF YOU, DAMON.
THAT'S CAP'N DAMON TO YOU, LAD.
YOU OKAY, KOJ?
AM I OKAY?
AM I OKAY?
DO I LOOK OKAY?
NOT EXACTLY.
YOU LOOK ABOUT THE WAY I FEEL, BOY!
DAMON, YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK.
YOU'LL NEVER GET THE REMOTE-CONTROL FROM US!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
SINCE YOU FANCY YOURSELF QUITE THE HERO THESE DAYS, JACK SWIFT--
--I'LL WAGER YOU'D PROBABLY WALK THE PLANK BEFORE YOU'D TALK!
BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!
YOU ALWAYS DID HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR THE MONGREL!
WHY, YOU BLACK-HEARTED FIEND...
"BLACK-HEARTED FIEND", EH?
WELL, AT LEAST YOU'RE GETTING INTO THE PROPER SPIRIT!
YOU WOULDN'T--
THUK!
OH NO?
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
I TOLD YOU, BUCKO...
THUK!
I WANT THE REMOTE!
T-TELL HIM, JACK!
THE T-TRUTH!
WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE!
YOUR MASCOT HAS A POINT, JACK.
WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE?
THUK!
ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
THE TRUTH--
--THE TRUTH IS WE LOST THE REMOTE-CONTROL IN THE LAST VIDEO-WORLD.
WHOEVER FOUND IT MUST'VE PUSHED THE BUTTON THAT ZAPPED US HERE.
BUT IT WASN'T US.

THAT'S NOT EXACTLY THE ANSWER I WAS HOPING TO HEAR, BUCKO.
YOU DID SAY YOU WANTED THE TRUTH, DAMON.
AYE, THAT I DID.
I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU AT YOUR WORD, JACK SWIFT.
YOU WOULDN'T LIE AT A TIME LIKE THIS--
--NOT WITH THE MONGREL'S LIFE IN THE BALANCE!
SO WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US?
WHERE INDEED?
SINCE YOU AND THE MONGREL ARE OF NO USE TO US... METHINKS I OUGHT TO MAKE YOU WALK THE PLANK!
P'HAPS YOU OUGHT TO THINK AGAIN, YOU BLACK-HEARTED SCOUNDREL!
WOT'S THIS?
LADS, WE HAVE BEEN BOARDED!
THE MEAN STREAK AND HER CUTTHROAT CREW HAVE BROUGHT THEIR LAST BLOOD AND SORROW TO THESE WATERS!
MY BRAVE BUCCANEERS AND I ARE TAKING THE SHIP!
AND YOU, CAPTAIN DAMON, ARE GOING TO HANG FROM THE NEAREST YARD-ARM!
JACK--ISN'T THAT--
--DOREEN!!!?
OUT WITH YOUR CUTLASSES, MEN!
REPEL THE BOARDERS!
I'LL HAVE THESE ROPES UNDONE IN A JIFF, KOJAK!
UH...
YEAH? AND THEN WHAT?

HERE YOU GO, JACK!
I KNOW YOU'RE ITCHING TO RUN A FEW OF THESE SCALAWAGS THROUGH!
I AM?
ER... I MEAN RIGHT--
I AM!

KLASH
KLINK

KLASH
KLINK

GEEZ, KOJAK.
SOMEONE COULD GET KILLED WITH A SWORD LIKE THIS!
AS LONG AS IT'S SOME OF THEM AND NOT US!

WHY DON'T YOU START WITH DAMON'S NUMBER-ONE STOOGE--
IF THAT ANIMAL GETS HIS HANDS ON YOU HE'LL BREAK YOUR BACK!

FORGET ABOUT TYRONE, JACK!
YOU'RE MINE--
--TO THE DEATH!
ARRGHHH!

WITHOUT THE REMOTE, WE'RE STRANDED IN THIS PIRATE WORLD!
BUT ONLY ONE OF US IS STICKING AROUND TO RULE THE HIGH SEAS!

BAMM!
YOU SURE IT HAS TO COME TO THIS?

KLINK
KLASH
OFF THE STARBOARD BOW--
SHIP AHOY!
KLINK
BAMM
HELL NO! IT CAN'T BE!
HELL YES, DAMON! IT IS!
NOW, JACK, RUN HIM THROUGH NOW! PUH-LEESE?
I-IT'S A GHOST SHIP!
GHOST-SHIP MY ASS!
THAT'S MY HOUSE!
ON THE BOW, CAP'N--
IS IT JOLLY ROGER?
LONG JOHN SILVER?
CAPTAIN HOOK?
LOOK AGAIN, YOU BUFFOON!
IT'S THE OLD MAN!
MY UNCLE ZACH!
GIVE THE WORD, CAP'N, AND WE'LL RAM THAT OLD KETTLE BROAD-SIDE!
I WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU, DAMON.
JACK--!
DO YOU SEE WHAT WE SEE?
CHECK OUT UNCLE ZACH'S RIGHT HAND!
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, KOJAK!
IT COULD BE JUST A SNUFF-BOX...

OR IT COULD BE THIS SORRY VIDEO-WORLD'S VERSION OF THE REMOTE-CONTROL BOX!
UNCLE ZACH HAD IT ALL ALONG!
DAMN YOU, DAMON!
THAT'S CHEATING!
OF COURSE HE'S CHEATING!
HE'S DAMON--
AND HE LOOKS FIT ENOUGH TO SWIM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL!
YOU'VE GOT TO SWIM FASTER, JACK!
FASTER!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
ENGLISH CHANNEL...?
CHANNEL...
SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHANNEL...
THE CHANNEL...
AH YES...
TIME TO CHANGE THE CHANNEL...
KLIK
SSSSSSSSS

OH GEEZ.
HOW LONG WAS I OUT THIS TIME, I WONDER?
I KNOW I WASN'T THE ONE WHO GOT TO THAT REMOTE THIS TIME.
BUT DID DAM-
?!?
A BUTLER?
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
YOUR-MORNING-COCOA, SIR.
I HAVE A BUTLER?
A BUTLER WHO JUST HAPPENS TO BE TYRONE?!
THIS DOESN'T SCAN!
I-PUT-IN-THOSE-ITTY-BITTY-MARSH-MELLOWS,-SIR. JUST-THE-WAY-YOU-LIKE-IT.
UM... THANKS, TYRONE.
SHALL-I-DRAW-YOUR-BATH?
UH... SURE. DRAW AWAY!
VERY-GOOD, SIR.
CAREFUL, JACK. DON'T BE SNOWED BY HIS GOOD MANNERS!
HE MAY WALK LIKE A BUTLER...
HE MAY TALK LIKE A BUTLER...
...BUT ODDS ARE YOU CAN'T TRUST HIM.
THE TYRONE I KNEW BACK AT HICKORY HAVEN HIGH WAS FAMOUS FOR BEING DAMON XARNETT'S FLUNKIE!
SO WHATEVER HAPPENS...
...I'D BETTER WATCH MY BACKSIDE!

YOUR CAR AWAITS, MR. SWIFT.
THANKS, TY.
WOO-WEE! SOME NICE LITTLE PAD I'VE GOT HERE!
I DON'T NEED TO SEE ALEXIS OR J.R. ACROSS A BOARD ROOM TO FILL IN THE GAPS HERE.
THIS TIME AROUND I'VE BEEN ZAPPED INTO ONE OF THOSE NIGHT-TIME SOAPS.
THE REASON THEY'RE SO POPULAR, THE THEORY GOES...
...IS THAT PEOPLE LOVE TO FIND OUT WHEN IT COMES TO HAPPINESS, ALL THE MONEY AND LUXURY IN THE WORLD DOESN'T ADD UP TO A HILL OF BEANS.
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, THE RICH AND FAMOUS HAVE JUST AS MANY PROBLEMS AS ALL THE REST OF—
SHALL I TAKE YOU TO YOUR COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, MR. SWIFT?
ER... SURE. WHY NOT!
UH... YOUR NAME WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE TYRONE, WOULD IT?
WHY YES IT IS, SIR. HOW DID YOU KNOW?
JUST A LUCKY GUESS.
MY OWN COMPANY, HUH? THIS I WANT TO SEE!
I WONDER HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE.
WAS IT A KILLING ON WALL STREET?
DID I WIN THE LOTTERY?
INVENT A NEW SALAD DRESSING?
VROOMMM
?!? NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL AN ORIGINAL COME-ON.
TYRONE, STOP THE CAR!
TAP TAP
VERY GOOD, SIR.
SCREECHHH
GOOD GRIEF! UPSIDE-DOWN I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HER!
THAT'S DOREEN!
AM I GOING YOUR WAY, MISS TAGGERT ISN'T IT?
WE HAVE TO TALK, MR. SWIFT.
YOUR COMPANY IS IN DEEP TROUBLE!

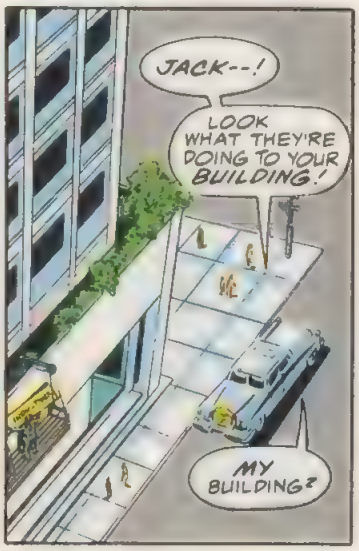
A HOSTILE TAKE-OVER?
EMPHASIS ON THE WORD HOSTILE!
JUST WHO IS THIS RIVAL INDUSTRIALIST?
YOU EVEN HAVE TO ASK?
DAMON XARNETT!
BINGO
HE'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT.

I'M AFRAID HE ALREADY HAS!
AS OF 5 P.M. YESTERDAY, XARNETT BECAME THE MAJORITY SHAREHOLDER OF SWIFT INDUSTRIES!
HE OWNS 53% OF YOUR STOCK!

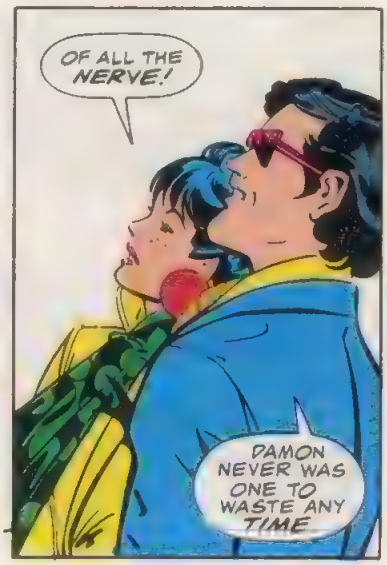
HOW DOES HE DO IT?
HOW DOES DAMON ALWAYS GET ONE STEP AHEAD OF ME?
BECAUSE HE CHEATS, MR. SWIFT.
AND HERE IS THE DOCUMENTATION TO PROVE IT! SWORN AFFIDAVITS FROM DOZENS OF YOUR EMPLOYEES...

BLACKMAIL, EXTORTION, DEATH-THREATS, BRAIN-WASHING...
SAME OLD DAMON
HE'S BEEN USING EVERY TRICK IN THE BOOK TO FORCE MY PEOPLE TO HAND OVER CRUCIAL INSIDE INFORMATION.

DAMON XARNETT HAS STABBED ME IN THE BACK FOR THE LAST TIME.
I'M GOING TO FIGHT BACK, DOREEN. CAN I COUNT ON YOUR HELP?
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, MR. SWIFT. I HATE EVERYTHING DAMON CORP STANDS FOR.
CALL ME JACK.


JACK--!
LOOK WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO YOUR BUILDING!
MY BUILDING?

SWIFT INDUSTRIES


OF ALL THE NERVE!
DAMON NEVER WAS ONE TO WASTE ANY TIME.

COME ON!
I WANT TO CLEAN OUT MY DESK BEFORE THE OPPOSITION DOES.

BEATING XARNETT IS GOING TO BE TOUGH ENOUGH WITHOUT GIVING HIM ANY MORE AMMUNITION THAN HE ALREADY HAS.
SOUNDS LIKE YOU TWO HAVE GONE UP AGAINST EACH OTHER BEFORE.
BZZT
YOU COULD SAY THAT.
AND YET EVERY TIME I THINK I KNOW ALL OF HIS DIRTY TRICKS...
HE ALWAYS MANAGES TO SURPRISE ME WITH A NEW ONE.
IS THAT A CUE OR WHAT?
ANYWAY, RIVAL O' MINE ...THANKS FOR THE ENDORSEMENT.
DAMON!!
THAT'S MR. XARNETT TO YOU.
LET'S SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR THE MAN WHO OWNS YOU, SHALL WE?
DAMON CORP
BY THE TIME TOMORROW'S WALL STREET JOURNAL HITS THE STREET...
...EVERYTHING THAT HAD YOUR NAME ON IT WILL BE MINE...
...LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL. YOU'VE BEEN WIPED OUT!
BE SEEING YOU, JACKSON. YOU AND THE YOUNG LADY.
REAL SOON.
NOT IF WE SEE YOU FIRST, XARNETT.
WHAT DID HE MEAN... HE'D 'SEE US REAL SOON'?
THAT'S JUST DAMON'S WAY OF OVERCOMPENSATING!
DEEP DOWN THE GUY IS MUCHO INSECURE, YOU KNOW.
WE'VE GOT HIM WORRIED! COULDN'T YOU TELL?
JACK, WHAT WAS THAT!??
OH CRIPES!
YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW!
KRASH!!!
TRY ME!
EITHER WE JUST DIED AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO HEAVEN...

...OR THIS ELEVATOR JUST SHOT ITS WAY UP THROUGH THE ROOF LIKE A RUNAWAY ROCKET!
OHHH... EVERYTHING IS STARTING TO GO DARK...
WE'RE JUST GETTING WOOZY FROM THE FORCE OF THE G'S...
IT'S... PERFECTLY... NORMAL...
?!? PERFECTLY... NORMAL... ?
YOU CALL THIS... NORMAL ?
KLANGGG!
LISTEN! YOU... HEAR.. THAT ?
NOW WHAT ?
IF I... HAD TO... GUESS--
--I'D SAY... WE'VE BEEN... PICKED UP!
HEAR THE WHIR? THAT SOUNDS LIKE A HELICOPTER BLADE!
HOW VERY ADROIT OF YOU, JACK SWIFT.
EVEN ON THE BRINK OF UNCONSCIOUS-NESS, YOUR SHARP WITS REMAIN AT YOUR COMMAND!
WHO... IN THE WORLD...
WHO IN THE WORLD INDEED, MY BOY.
THAT WOULD BE A DIFFICULT QUESTION TO ANSWER.
ANOTHER TIME, PERHAPS.
FOR THE PRESENT, I JUST DIDN'T WANT THIS TRANQUIL MOMENT TO SLIP BY WITHOUT INTRODUCING MYSELF.
YOU MAY SIMPLY CALL ME "POP"!
WE'LL TALK AGAIN.
THAT'S A PROMISE!
NO, DON'T GO! WAIT!
TOO LATE!
KLK
"TRANQUIL MOMENT"?
HERE WE ARE, TRAPPED IN AN ELEVATOR BEING DRAGGED OVER THE CITY ON A SKY-HOOK AND HE CALLS IT A TRANQUIL MOMENT?
WHO THE HELL DOES THAT OLD GEEZER THINK HE IS?
I'M SURE HE'LL TELL US WHEN HE'S GOOD AND READY
ASSUMING WE'LL EVER GET OUT OF THIS ELEVATOR--
--ALIVE!

CHECK IT OUT, DOREEN--

THE TV SCREEN MUST BE HOOKED TO AN EXTERIOR *CAMERA!*

WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE WE *LOOKING AT*, JACK?

FROM THE AIR THOSE BUILDINGS *REMIND* ME OF SOMETHING!

TRY *THREE SIXES*, DOREEN.

6-6-6!?

ISN'T THAT SUPPOSED TO BE THE SIGN OF SATAN OR SOMETHING?

CLOSE ENOUGH.

IT'S NICE TO KNOW ALL THIS *MONEY* AND *POWER* HASN'T ROBBED DAMON OF HIS SICK SENSE OF HUMOR!

KUNGG

YOU FEEL THAT *JOLT*?

I GOT A HUNCH WE JUST REACHED OUR *FLOOR!*

WELCOME-JACK-SWIFT.

PSSST! JACK!

THOSE *BUTLERS*-- THEY LOOK JUST LIKE-

TELL ME ABOUT IT, DOREEN.

MANUFACTURING *TYRONES* MUST BE A MAJOR INDUSTRY AROUND HERE!

WE-HAVE-BEEN-INSTRUCTED-TO-SHOW-YOU-TO-YOUR-QUARTERS.

WE'RE NOT GOING *ANYWHERE*, PAL.

NOT UNTIL WE GET A FEW *ANSWERS!*

DINNER-IS-AT-EIGHT.

MR.-XARNETT-EXPECTS-HIS-GUESTS-TO-ARRIVE-PROPERLY-DRESSED.

YOU-WILL-FIND-AMPLE-CLOTHES-IN-THE-CLOSET-THE-CORRECT-SIZE.

OOFFF!

I MUST'VE DIED AND GONE TO BLOOMINGDALE'S! A MINK-LINED PRISON!

OUCH.

REMIND ME NEVER TO BUTT HEADS WITH A TYRONE AGAIN.

THEIR MANNERS CERTAINLY LEAVE A LOT TO BE DESIRED.

BUT THEY WEREN'T KIDDING ABOUT THE CLOTHES.

VOGUE AND GQ COULDN'T HAVE DONE A MORE THOROUGH JOB OF PICKING OUT THESE WARDROBES!

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE BOTH SLIP INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE?

WE MIGHT AS WELL MEET DAMON IN STYLE.

PEOPLE IN THESE NIGHTTIME SOAPS ALWAYS SEEM TO BE WELL-DRESSED... WHATEVER THE OCCASION.

EVEN IF THE OCCASION IS THEIR OWN DEMISE!

WELL, MR. SWIFT? DO I MAKE A STUNNING DINNER COMPANION OR WHAT?

YOU'RE A SLICE OF HEAVEN, MISS TAGGERT.

HOW WOULD YOU KNOW? FOR THE PAST 20 MINUTES YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN YOUR EYES OFF THAT DOOR!

SORRY. JIMMYING THE LOCK TOOK A LOT LONGER THAN IT USUALLY DOES.

I GUESS BECAUSE I'M IN THE WORLD OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS, I'M NOT S'POSED TO BE ANY GOOD AT THIS SORT OF THING.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. YOU'RE FORGIVEN.

NOW WHAT?

IT'S JUST PAST SEVEN.

THAT GIVES US NEARLY AN HOUR TO SNIFF AROUND BEFORE DINNER.

WE'VE SEARCHED THE ENTIRE SECOND FLOOR AND COME UP WITH ZILCH.
WE DIDN'T CHECK OUT THOSE STAIRS.
JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING.
DID YOUR SHARP EYES HAPPEN TO NOTICE WHAT THAT TYRONE WAS CARRYING ON THAT TRAY?
I THINK IT WAS A COVERED METAL DISH.
HMMMM.
LET'S JUST SIT TIGHT FOR A FEW MINUTES
HE CAME BACK... BUT WITHOUT THE METAL DISH.
THAT CLINCHES IT.
THERE'S SOME-ONE ELSE IN THE ATTIC.
MAYBE IT'S JUST SOMEBODY WHO PREFERS TO EAT ALONE.
MAYBE.
BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK THE ANSWER IS ALL THAT SIMPLE!
OH WELL. I SUPPOSE IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW.
WELL WELL...
DON'T YOU DARE SAY 'CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER'.
I HATE WHEN SOMEONE SAYS THAT.
'CURIOUS' DOESN'T EVEN BEGIN TO COVER THIS.
ANOTHER TYRONE, JACK?
AND STARK NAKED YET?
I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE BIG PICTURE HERE, DOREEN.
... AND THE DINNER MENU JUST CONFIRMED MY HUNCH!
?!?
A STACK OF COMPUTER DISCS!?
WHAT KIND OF MAIN COURSE IS THAT?

THE KIND YOU FEED HUNGRY ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE IN NEED OF A FRESH PROGRAM!
I GET IT!
THAT'S NOT TYRONE--
IT'S A ROBOT!
THEY'RE ALL ROBOTS, DOREEN.
ALL THE TYRONES WE'VE SEEN HAVE BEEN SYNTHETIC DUBLICATES OF THIS ONE--
--THE ORIGINAL PROTO-TYPE!
HMMM.
I'M GETTING A DELICIOUS IDEA!
WHATEVER IT IS, YOU'D BETTER HURRY!
IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR DINNER!
UH... JACK?
I DON'T MEAN TO CAST A PALL OVER THE MEAL...
... BUT IS THAT A BADLY-DECOMPOSED CORPSE IN A TUXEDO SITTING A FEW CHAIRS AWAY?
GOOD GRIEF, DOREEN.
I CAN'T BE SURE... BUT I THINK THAT MAY BE DAMON'S UNCLE!
FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM HE MUST'VE PASSED AWAY SOME TIME AGO!
SO WHAT, JACKSON?
SO MAYBE UNCLE ZACH IS A STIFF THESE DAYS!
AT LEAST I MAKE SURE HE'S STILL INCLUDED IN THE FAMILY!
THAT'S A HELLUVALOT MORE THAN WE CAN SAY ABOUT YOUR OLD MAN AND YOUR FAMILY, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S SICK, DAMON
EVEN FOR A NIGHTTIME SOAP!
MANNERS, JACK.
YOU AND THE YOUNG LADY ARE ABOUT TO ENJOY A MEAL FIT FOR A KING.
NAMELY YOU, RIGHT?

WELL, SINCE YOU MENTION IT.
NOW THAT DAMON CORP HAS GOBBLED UP SWIFT INDUSTRIES I AM A KING!
THE KING OF WALL STREET!
YOU MAY HAVE PUT THE BITE ON MY COMPANY, DAMON... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU SWALLOW IT.
NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT.
BUT WHY FIGHT ME, JACKSON?
WHY NOT JOIN THE CORPORATION AND WORK FOR ME?
PLOMPF
A MAN OF YOUR UNIQUE TALENTS COULD BE OF GREAT VALUE AROUND HERE, JACKSON.
YOU WOULD BE PAID MOST HANDSOMELY.
AND YOU, DOREEN. YOU'RE LOOKING REAL FINE THESE DAYS.
YOUR COOPERATION WOULD ENTITLE YOU TO CERTAIN "FRINGE BENEFITS."
IN THE PRIVACY OF MY EXECUTIVE SUITE, OF COURSE.
ONLY IN YOUR DREAMS, SCUMSUCKER.
THE LADY'S NOT INTERESTED IN ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO OFFER, XARNETT!
AND THAT GOES IN TRIPLICATE FOR ME!
KEEP YOUR DINNER! WE'RE OUTTA HERE!
NOT JUST YET.
FUNNY THING IS, I'VE JUST LOST MY APPETITE, TOO.
FOR FOOD, ANYWAY.
THEN YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH THOSE SHISH-KABOB NEEDLES?
AFTER ALL THE YEARS WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER, JACKSON...
...YOU STILL HAVE TO ASK?
WHAT CAN I SAY?
EVEN WHEN I WIN...

--I'M A SORE LOSER!
YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE, XARNETT!
EVEN IN A VIDEO-REALM LIKE THIS--
--WHERE YOU CAN LET YOUR GREED GO WILD--
--WHERE YOU CAN GRAB ALL THE MONEY AND POWER YOU COULD EVER WANT--
--IT'S STILL NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU!
YOU'RE STILL A SADISTIC HOMICIDAL SLIME-BAG!
NOBODY'S PERFECT, PAL!
BUT YOUR PROBLEM IS YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT!
WE BOTH KNOW IF I DON'T NAIL YOU MYSELF--
--MY TYRONES WILL FINISH THE JOB FOR ME!
JACK--
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PLAN?
YOU AND YOUR CONVOLUTED PLANS, SWIFT!
MY PLANS ARE SIMPLE!
YOU--YOU'RE GONNA GET SKEWERED!
DEEP-FRIED!
CHARCOAL-BROILED!

AND ME--

I'M GONNA HAVE DOREEN FOR DESSERT!

OVER MY DEAD BODY YOU WILL!

TOO KINKY, SWIFT--

POP

...EVEN FOR ME--

?!?

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM TYRONE#4?

?!? OH MAN!

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO HIS HEAD?

LOUSY BREAK, DAMON.

I KNOW HOW TOUGH IT IS TO GET GOOD HELP THESE DAYS.

SHUTUP, SWIFT! YOU'RE STILL OUT-NUMBERED!

TYRONE#8-- TYRONE#3--

CLEAN UP THAT MESS!

POP POP

WHAT IN HELL--?

WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE SAYING, XARNETT--

POP POP POP

--ABOUT BEING OUT-NUMBERED?

ALL MY TYRONES ARE POPPING THEIR HEADS LIKE ZITS!

THIS IS JUST PLAIN CRAZY--

--OR IS IT?

DAMN YOU, JACKSON!

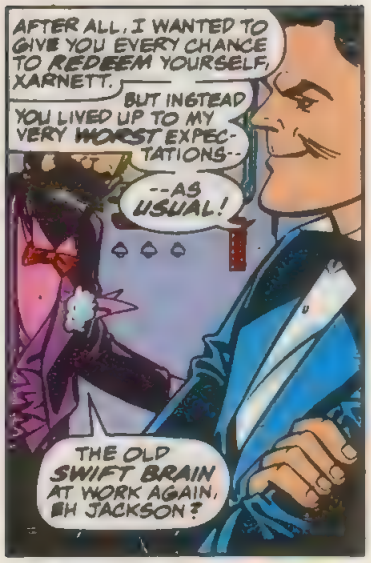
SOMEHOW YOU GOT TO TYRONE#1!

WHAT DID YOU USE TO SABO-TAGE HIS MASTER PROGRAM DISC?

LET'S JUST SAY I PUT SOME MUSTARD WHERE IT DIDN'T BELONG!

ONCE I REALIZED THE TYRONE IN THE ATTIC WAS THE CENTRAL "BRAIN" FOR ALL THE OTHER TYRONE ROBOTS--

I TRASHED JUST ENOUGH MICROCHIPS TO CAUSE A DELAYED MELTDOWN!

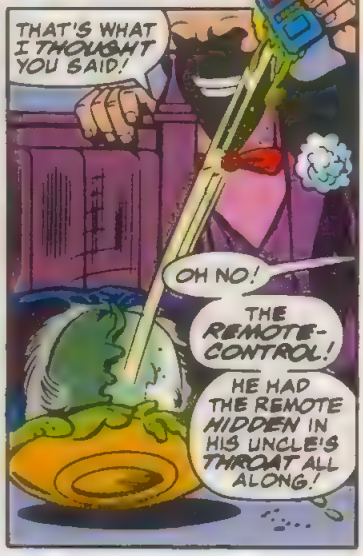

AFTER ALL, I WANTED TO GIVE YOU EVERY CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELF, XARNETT.
BUT INSTEAD YOU LIVED UP TO MY VERY WORST EXPECTATIONS--
--AS USUAL!
THE OLD SWIFT BRAIN AT WORK AGAIN, EH JACKSON?

LET'S NOT LEAVE OUT THE SWIFT MEMORY!
THE MULTIPLE TYRONE SET-UP REMINDED ME OF A SECOND SEASON STAR TREK EPISODE!
I JUST BORROWED CAPTAIN KIRK'S SOLUTION TO A SIMILAR PROBLEM!

LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW, UNCLE ZACH!
?!? HE'S TALKING TO A CORPSE?
MAYBE DAMON'S FINALLY GONE AROUND THE BEND!

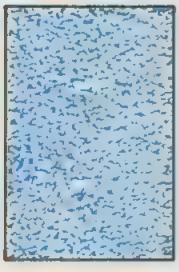
SUDDENLY THE WORLD OF THE FILTHY RICH AND FAMOUS DOESN'T APPEAL TO ME MUCH ANYMORE.
HOW ABOUT YOU, UNC--
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT IT?

WHAT'S THAT?
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME, YOU SAY?


THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID!
OH NO!
THE REMOTE-CONTROL!
HE HAD THE REMOTE HIDDEN IN HIS UNCLE'S THROAT ALL ALONG!

HAND THAT OVER, XARNETT!
YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO USE IT!
YOU'RE SICK IN THE HEAD!
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME...

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME--
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE--
KLIK!



--HOME...
WHAT THE HELL HIT MY BEAUTIFUL MUSIC VIDEO PAD?
AND MASSACRED ALL MY MTV# GUARDS?
YOU CARE TO TRANSLATE, SWIFT?
THERE'S AN OLD SAYING, DAMON--
YOU CAN RUN BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE!
#MOBILE TACTICAL VANGUARD
BACK IN THE WORLD OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS, YOUR EMPIRE WAS STARTING TO FALL APART--
--SO YOU FIGURED YOU'D BE SAFE AGAIN IF YOU ZAPPED BACK TO THE VIDEO WORLD YOU KNOW BEST!
BUT YOU FORGOT, DAMON--
EVENTS SOMETIMES REPEAT THEMSELVES AND PARALLEL EACH OTHER FROM ONE VIDEO REALITY TO ANOTHER!
SOMETIMES--THINGS CAN EVEN GO FROM BAD TO WORSE!
AND SPEAKING OF BAD TO WORSE...
IT'S A TREAT-AND-A-HALF TO SEE YOU AGAIN TOO, DAMON!
I'M OUTTA HERE, JACKSON!
I'VE GOT SOME HEAVY THINKING TO DO!
DAMON, COME BACK! YOU STILL HAVE THE REMOTE!
WE HAVE TO TALK!
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE LOOKED, KOJAK!
THIS IS JUST GREAT!
I THOUGHT AT LEAST I'D GET A 'GREAT TO HAVE YOU BACK, BOY!'...
...OR A 'BOY, WAS I WORRIED ABOUT YOU, BOY!'
BUT NO--
INSTEAD OF ASKING ME WHERE THE HELL I'VE BEEN--
--ALL YOU CAN DO IS TALK ABOUT DAMON--
--AS USUAL!

--WIPED-OUT?
DAMON'S BASE OF OPERATIONS HAS BEEN COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED?
AFFIRMATIVE, MRS. SWIFT.
CASUALTIES?
MINIMAL.
AND THAT'S THE WEIRDEST PART OF IT!
EXPLAIN, AGENT TAGGART.
DAMON'S MTV SOLDIERS WERE ABOUT TO MOUNT A MASSIVE DEFENSIVE AGAINST US--
--WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN--
--ONE BY ONE THEIR HEADS BEGAN TO SELF-DESTRUCT!
WE MARCHED OVER THEM AND LAID WASTE TO THE ENEMY'S DISCO WITHOUT OPPOSITION.
FASCINATING
YOU SEARCHED THE PREMISES AND STILL FOUND NO TRACE OF XARNETT?
AFFIRMATIVE. IT'S BEEN SEVERAL DAYS NOW SINCE OUR LAST REPORTED SIGHTING OF HIM.
ANY WORD ON YOUR SON?
NEGATIVE.
JACK IS STILL CLASSIFIED AS MISSING-IN-ACTION.
I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERN, MRS. SWIFT!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT JACK, TOO.
BUT WE'VE GOT EVERY ABLE-BODIED MEMBER OF THE RESISTANCE OUT SEARCHING FOR HIM.
WHEREVER HE IS...
...THEY'LL FIND HIM.

SHEESH.

THIS PLACE IS A BIGGER *MESS* THAN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AFTER A MICHAEL JACKSON CONCERT!

EVERYWHERE YOU TURN--

RUBBLE, RUBBLE AND MORE RUBBLE.

OH WELL.

IT MAY NOT BE MUCH TO *LOOK* AT ANYMORE, BUT AT LEAST DAMON'S *DISCO* IS A PLACE WHERE I STILL KNOW MY *WAY* AROUND.

THAT'S A LOT MORE THAN I COULD SAY FOR THAT *FILTHY RICH* AND *FAMOUS REALM.*

THAT 300-ROOM *MANSION* WE ENDED UP IN WAS *SO HUGE...*

...BY THE TIME I FINALLY FOUND MY WAY TO *JACK'S* MASTER BEDROOM, HE WAS LONG *GONE!*

NOT THAT *HE* WOULD GIVE A HOOT.

FACE THE CRUEL TRUTH, KOJAK-- NOBODY LOVES YOU.

DON'T BE *SO DOWN* ON YOURSELF, MY CANINE FRIEND.

AS FOR YOUNG *JACK*--HE'S GOING THROUGH A RATHER *DIFFICULT* PERIOD RIGHT NOW.

?!?

WHO THE BLUE BLAZES ARE *YOU?*

FOR NOW, KOJAK--

YOU CAN JUST CALL ME *POP.*

WHO *LOVES* YA, BABY?

JACK DOES.

AND SO DO *I.*

DOREEN'S RESISTANCE FIGHTERS ARE COMBING THE STREETS EVERYWHERE!
DAMON MUST DESPERATE FOR A PLACE TO HOLE-UP.
SINCE HIS PLACE IS A DISASTER AREA...
I HAD TO ASK MYSELF WHERE XARNETT WOULD GO TO CRASH!
THE ANSWER I CAME UP WITH?
THE LAST PLACE ANYONE ELSE WOULD THINK TO LOOK!
NAMELY--
--MY PLACE!
HEYYY!
WHAT'S THE STORY HERE?
EVERYTHING LOOKS--
FEELS--
IS--
--DISTORTED!
ALMOST THE WAY A TV SCREEN DISTORTS WHEN THE HORIZONTAL HOLD IS OFF.
DAMON!
IT'S GOT TO BE!
HE'S DONE SOMETHING THAT'S THROWN THIS ENTIRE VIDEO REALM OFF-KILTER.
FROM HERE ON OUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT SLOW AND EASY.
WATCH EVERY STEP.
IT'S LOOKING A BIT WARPED, BUT THERE IT IS--
HOME SWEET HOME!
ODDS ARE DAMON HAS CHANGED THE COMBINATION TO MOM'S MUSICAL LOCK.
KLIK
'EVE OF DESTRUCTION' ALWAYS WAS ONE OF HIS FAVORITE OLDIES.
AND TODAY IT MAY BE MORE THAN APPROPRIATE!
THE DOOR'S OPENING!
CONGRATULATIONS, SWIFT!
YOU FOUND ME... BECAUSE ONCE AGAIN YOU'VE MANAGED TO THINK LIKE THE MASTER!
ONLY TROUBLE IS, YOU'RE LATE...
TOO LATE!

DIG THIS DISTORTION EFFECT, JACKSON. IT LOOKS PRETTY MUCH THE WAY UNCLE ZACH'S NOTES PREDICTED IT WOULD.
SOMETHING TO DO WITH RADIATION BEING GIVEN OFF IN THE FINAL MOMENTS OF THE COUNTDOWN.
YOUR UNCLE'S NOTES? THE COUNTDOWN?
READ MY LIPS, ACE.
WHEN UMC FIRST DREAMED UP THIS VIDEO-DIMENSIONAL EXPERIMENT, HE HAD THE FORESIGHT TO INCLUDE AN ABORT MECHANISM.
I BUILT THIS STATIC BOMB ACCORDING TO HIS SPECS... WITH ONE VITAL ADDITION.
I HOOKED THE BOMB UP TO OUR TRUSTY REMOTE CONTROL--
--AFTER MAKING SURE THERE WAS JUST ENOUGH JUICE LEFT TO ZAP YOURS TRULY BACK TO HICKORY HAVEN!
NOT THE MOST EXCITING PROSPECT, I'LL CONCEDE--
--BUT SURE AS HELL, IT'LL BEAT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE REST OF YOU!
DAMON, LET'S TALK!
THINK THIS THING THROUGH!
THINK OF IT THIS WAY, JACKSON.
YOU--
--AND EVERY LAST ONE OF THESE VIDEO-REALMS YOU'RE SO FOND OF--
--ARE ABOUT TO GO PERMANENTLY OFF THE AIR!
I SAID THINK, DAMON.
ARMAGEDDON MEANS TOTAL DESTRUCTION!
WHAT IF PUSHING THAT BUTTON MEANS YOU'LL WIPE OUT HICKORY HAVEN AND THE ENTIRE REAL WORLD TOO!?
THEN WHERE WILL YOU GO? YOU'LL BE LEFT WITH NOWHERE TO ZAP!
SAME OLD JACK.
BLUFFING TO THE VERY END.
AND I DO MEAN THE VERY END.
S'LONG, SPORT.
YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO THAT BIG TEST PATTERN IN THE SKY...
KLIK

BUT FIRST--A WORD FROM ME!
JACK SWIFT--
IT'S MY PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE YOU ARE THE LUCKY CONTESTANT WHO'S BEEN CHOSEN TO PLAY...
"THIS IS YOUR LIFE AND DEATH."
ME, I'M YOUR SMILING MASTER OF CEREMONIES.
JUST CALL ME--
--POP!
POP CULTURE!

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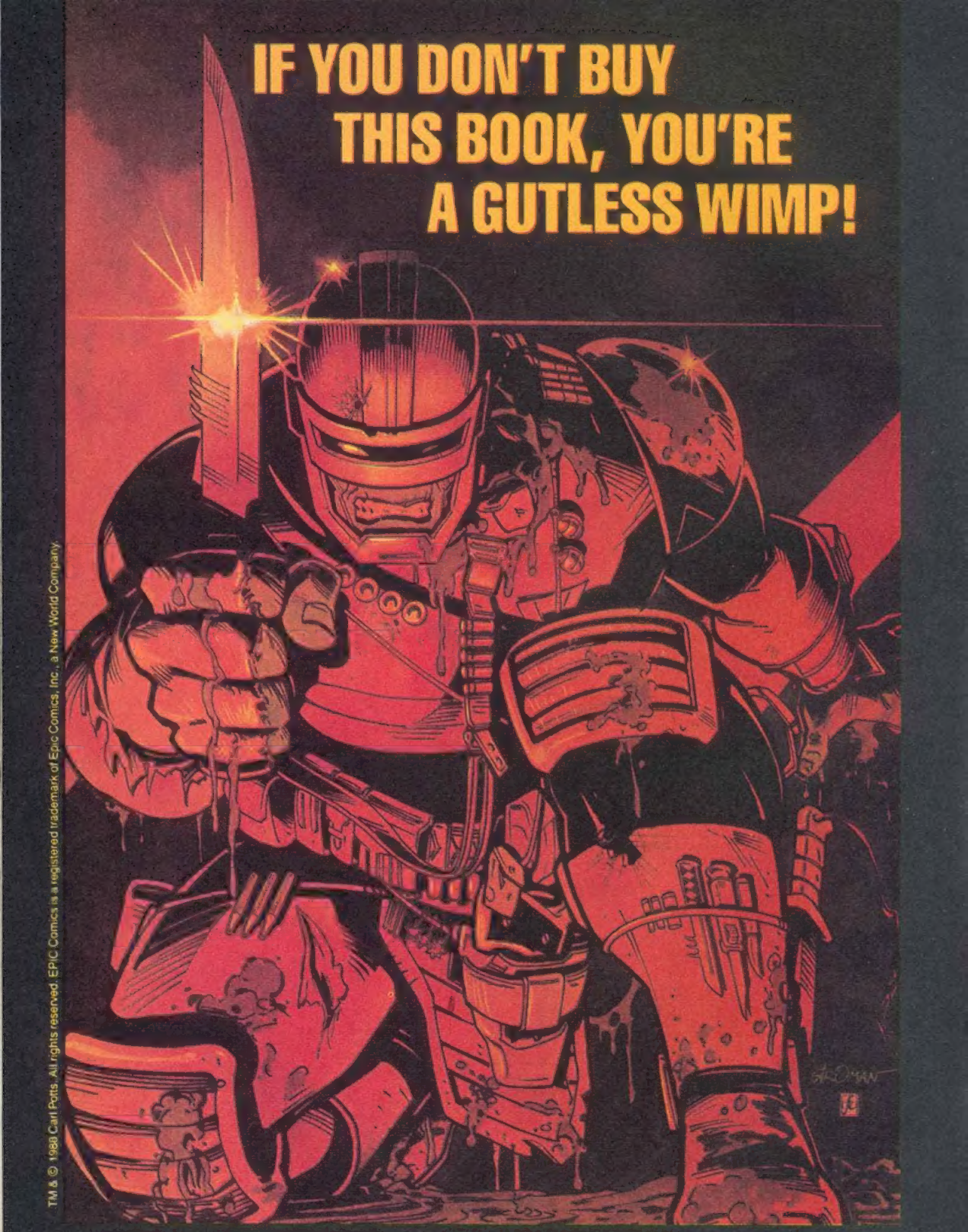

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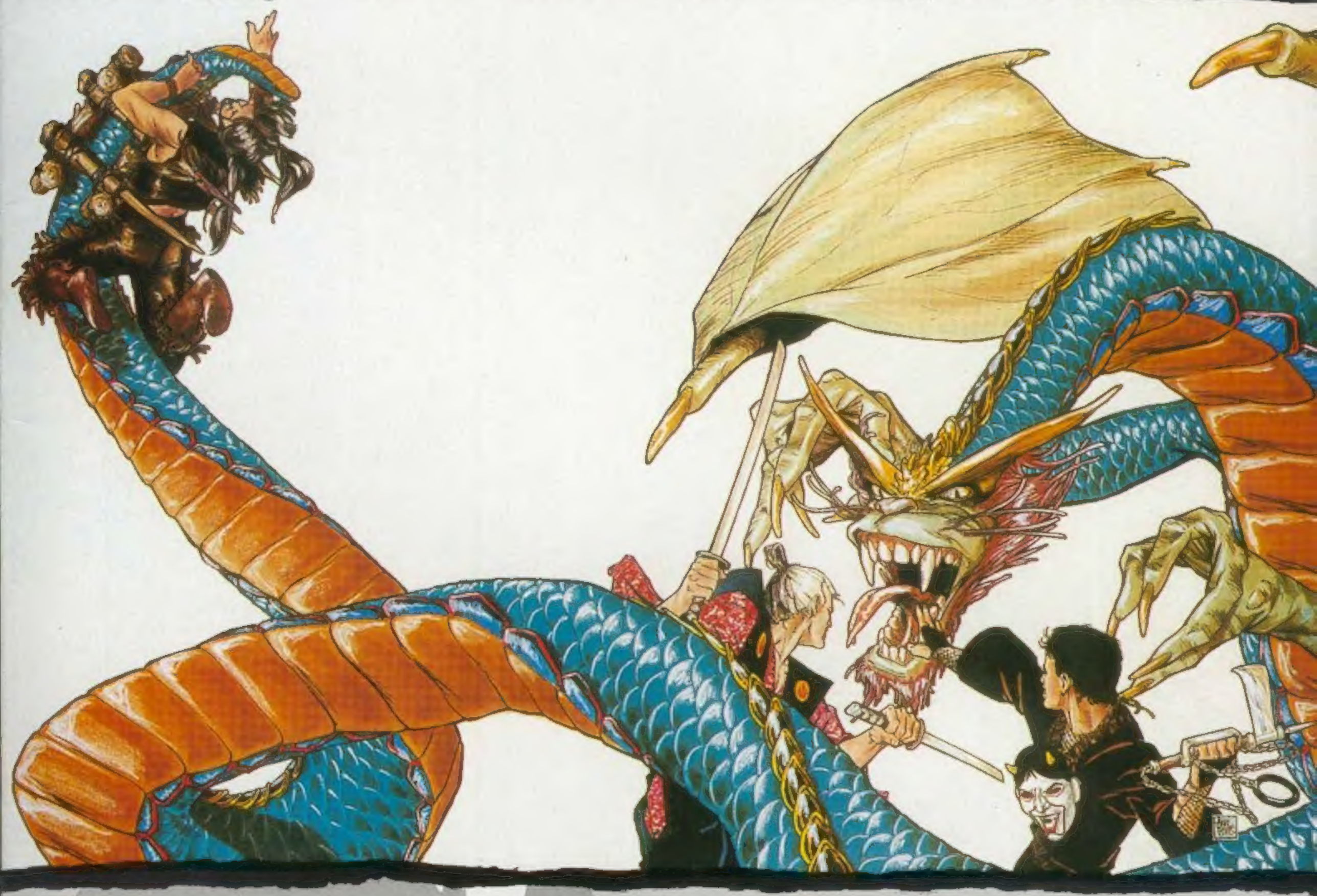

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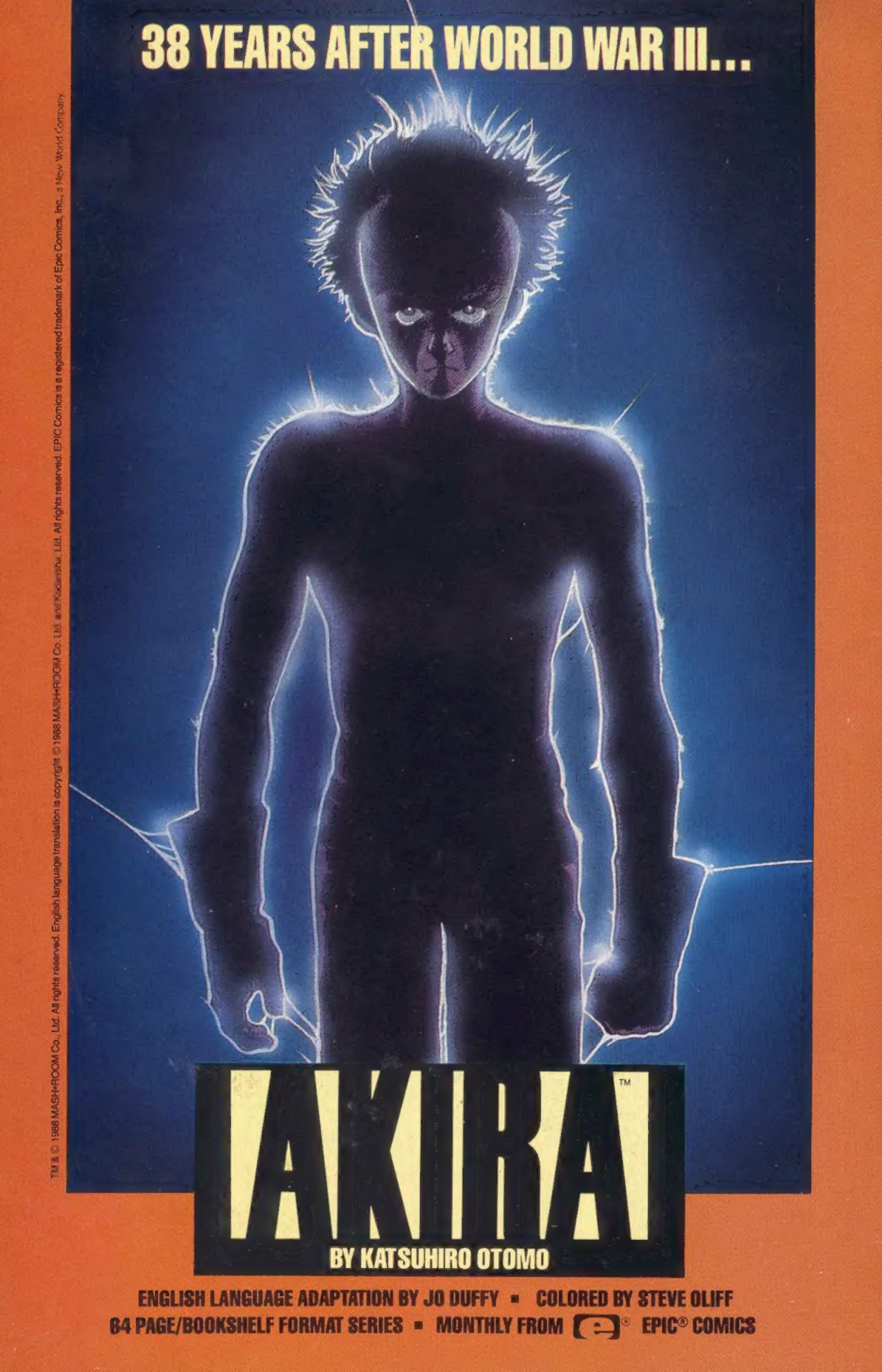

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